

## Tldr (Smithing)

Open Mike Eagle

(Check, check, yeah, one-two, ah, yeah, yeah, check, yeah, yeah)

Only your corollaries know y'all  
Unique snowflakes in ordinary snowballs  
And you can find me in the place sipping what's to sip  
Between shrooms and touring I'm sure to take a bunch of trips  
And fuck that one guy who's screen name was "thunderlips"  
Pelt him with a bag full of mesquite flavored Kruncher chips  
Yeah, I'm bout to raise my vibration up  
See me, say hi, wave, try to say what's up  
It's all good in the hood, I think  
I listened to the Kinks and my fridge don't stink  
Ah, yeah  
So today's a pretty good day  
Doing what I'm supposed to do and saying what I should say  
Hooray, I'm not feeling bad like I could be  
Or regretting that I didn't grow my hair like Touré's  
Yeah, I wanna show up in the search results  
Purchase Volkswagens then cake up and purchase coats  
Them little thin ones is worthless folks  
And I'm sad I never got to see or tweet Mr. Perfect posts  
Yeah, It's all white meat and baby fat  
Been woke so long I might need to take a nap  
And I'm likely afraid of that  
Imma swipe me a high speed data map  
Or I might be a five speed beta max  
Cassette tape  
Show me your best resting death face  
Show me everything except whoever makes the best vapes  
Yeah, couldn't even pretend to give a freak  
Submit this whole verse as an op-ed to Businessweek  
I wrote a letter to the editor  
I don't know if Death Certificate's better than The Predator  
Veteran cheddar getters know how to do it togetherer  
And that's why they make stuff foreverer and everer  
Yeah, and everybody mama know the song  
But they still won't let a brother dip a toe in Lake Woebegone  
Yeah, And if you're stuck in a traffic jam  
Just add me on the snapstagram

This was brought to you by shit that I don't own  
Yeah, add me on shit, yeah

If you was rich and about to be broke I can coach you  
'Cause I can show you how to kill a roach with a boat shoe  
Might have to sell the dining room table though  
And pay to go HAM on some second-hand baby clothes  
And cut the cable, bro, gamble on wireless  
My sister sells jailbroken Amazon Fire sticks  
Need somewhere to bark start with local governments  
Spar with Republicans, the stars won't be punishing  
You, fool, your phone's the new ark of the covenant  
And God spoke to you in a bar called Mulligans  
If there was justice all men would have to die, patricide  
Tweet at the void and heart the at replies  
And don't cry if you can't find me  
I built a time machine to go and hide in the Nineties

No friends I only want giants beside me  
To get close you gotta be the size of a pine tree  
My supervillain name would be Ultra Hater  
I'd act really cool then insult you later  
Here's something you should know from the ground floor  
As far as rappers none of us as cool as we sound, bro  
And dog I'm fatigued  
The world's moving all different speeds  
This song's too long didn't read